

To Mrs. E. B. Phelps.

FOR WINGS FOR WINGS
LIKE A DOVE TO FLY!

Sacred Song

POETRY BY

J. F. Shepard Esq.

Music by

T. BRICHER.

25 Cents.

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FOR WINGS! FOR WINGS! LIKE A DOVE TO FLY.

Poetry by I. F. Shepard Esq.

Music by T. Bricher.

Andante con molto Espressione.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 3/4 time, marked 'Andante con molto Espressione.' The introduction consists of a series of chords in the right hand and a flowing eighth-note melody in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'Earth is no home for the death - - less'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a steady eighth-note bass line. The third system contains the lyrics 'For wings! for wings like a dove, to soul That yield - - eth not to its base con - - trol, For fly Be - - yond the arch of the sap - - phire sky, To'. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand, often moving in parallel motion with the vocal line, while the left hand maintains a consistent eighth-note accompaniment.

Earth is no home for the death - - less
For wings! for wings like a dove, to
soul That yield - - eth not to its base con - - trol, For
fly Be - - yond the arch of the sap - - phire sky, To

like a bird on its up - - ward flight It yearns for its home of
 mount un-chain'd through the depths of air, And bathe in floods of
 liv - - ing light. It pants to burst from its pris - - on
 beau - - ty there, *p* And rap - - tur'd list to the hymn - - ing
 free, To blend . . . it - - self with e - - ter - - ni - - ty. It
 spheres, With bliss . . . un - - chang'd by the flight of years. And
 pants to burst from its pris - - on free, To blend it -
 rap - - tur'd list to the hymn - - ing spheres With bliss un -

pp

p

- self with e - - ter - - - ni - - ty. And blend it -

- stayed by the flight of years, With bliss un -

- self with e - - ter - - - - - ni - - - ty.

- stayed by the flight of years.

- 3.— Then welcome death! let thy summons come,
 And bring my pass to my upper home;
 Give wings! give wings like a dove to fly
 Beyond the arch of the sapphire sky;
 To mount unchained through the depths of air,
 And quench my thirst for the glories there.

